A BRUISED ROSE.

The revelry that filled the night is done;
Hushed is the patter of once dancing feet
The rustle of rich fabrics, laughter sweet;
The music still'd, and morning, newly born,
Hears but its echo.

One poor bruised rose,
Let fall upon the floor from some fair breast,
Is all that tells it was no cunning jest
Wrought by the deft romancer of repose;
The music, laughter—all a fitful gleam,
Press'd from the pillow of a broken dream.
—Charles W. Coleman, Jr., in Harper's.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE HINDOOS.

Synopsis of a Missionary's Lecture on Their Beliefs and Characteristics.

The Rev. Dr. H. L. Scudder, lecturing on India, said the Hindoos had two great beliefs. One was the doctrine of fate and the other the transmigration of souls. According to the former man was a mere puppet, for with them everything was settled by fate and everything was the result of what they termed the decree of the head. If a Hindoo did a bad thing it was fate that impelled him, and he had to do good or ill as it was decreed.

The doctrine of transmigration was the hardest thing to get out of their heads. They believed that a good life here meant an exalted birth and high station in the other world. If a man lived a mixed life here he would come back as a man again, but if his life were totally bad he would come back as a tree or mineral. Their code prescribed a special birth for each sin. One who stole grain would be born a rat, if he stole fruit he would be born a monkey, if he stole from a Brahman he would be born over again 1,000 times and each time take the form of a spider. There was no escape from a predestined birth.

The Indians were noncommittal, but very inquisitive and loquacious to a degree. When one refused to talk he belied his race's record. Their form of reasoning was analogical, and, like all orientals, they preferred simile. Many of them were possessed of great metaphysical acumen. They were the greatest liars on earth, and could lie one out of almost any belief. They were sunk in vice to a low degree.

The worship of snakes was quite common, and they believed the cobras had a separate world to themselves. Snake-charming was a hereditary profession, and they lured cobras from their holes to destruction by playing softly on a flute.

The women were weak and vicious and by nature unfaithful, but were possessed of great lingual flexibility, being able to out-talk their liege lords at will. No language could describe their degradation. Women there had but one god, her husband, and her only religious act was to be his slave.—Chicago News.

Visit to a British Archdruid.

To-morrow (old Christmas Day) is the eighty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Myfyr Morganiog, archdruid of the British isles. Wales has never been without its representative of the gwyddon (chief bard or laureate of Britain), whose duty it was to sing with his harp that ancient tune known as "The Monarchy of Britain" before the army on the eve of its entering upon a campaign. The old religion becoming unpopular, by degrees his office was forgotten. On the evening of his natal anniversary the archdruid was visited by one of his disciples, who thus narrated what took place:

"He sits to-day a white-haired and white-bearded aged priest, alone in an upper chamber in a street in Pontypridd. I took with me to him a presentation from a most generous, noble lord. It was the gift of a Christian chieftain to chief druid. The moment I entered the lonely cell of the Druid, the noble old man with flowing beard stood up to meet me, and, with extended hand, said, with sparkling eyes: (Blwddyn newyd dda' (good new year). He then uttered a Druidic prayer for all blessings to descend on the house of Bute, and the home of Sir W. T. Lewis was not forgotten by him who is preparing for 'cylch y gwynfyd' (the circle of the holy world.)

"I ventured to ask him what were his views respecting a future state of existence. His reply was: 'My father and my mother are well able to provide for me, and in them I trust and not in anyone else.' I asked him what he meant by his 'father and mother;' he replied that the Creator was his father and Anian was his mother. By Anian he seemed to mean the fecundating power in the earth, revealing her efforts in the springtime of the year. This he said is the Venus and the mother of the gods in ancient mythology. He seemed to regard all creeds as jumbling confusions of Druidism, and to think that his mission is the world was to restore the primitive order of ancient times.—Pontypridd Cor. London Telegraph.

A Burmese Photographer's Barbarity.

A Burmese scandal is now stirring official blood at Mandalay, as it appears that the provost marshal has a morbid taste for amateur photography that has led him to experiment upon the unfortunate Burmese Dacoits that have been executed under his direction. Willis' "Parrhasius" has had a literal exemplification in this official, who has on several occasions added unspeakable torture to his victims' death pangs by delaying the interval between orders to "present" and "fire" long enough to allow him to take two or three negatives with the camera he carries about with him.

Having had the prisoners drawn up in line against a wall, he would station the firing platoon before them and get the camera into position and calmly prepare his plates. The officer commanding the soldiers was instructed not to give the fatal signal till the plate was exposed. Thus the most interesting negatives were obtained at the very moment of the prisoners' death agony. Fortunately this barbarity practiced in the name of scientific interest has added nothing to art, for the cruel operator was such a bad hand at the work that the plates were spoiled. The troops were anxious to lynch the alleged artist, but the English authorities have promised to make an example of the amateur photographer.—Inter Ocean.

THE CZAR'S EDUCATED POOR.

Russians of High Station Who Fear to Meet Their Grocers and Tailors.

A few days ago I saw a regiment of the Imperial guards drilling in the Mars field, preparatory to a grand review to be held on the day of Epiphany. The colonel in his glittering uniform, riding on a fiery charger, made a beautiful picture, and I could not help expressing my opinion to a Russian reporter that he (the colonel) occupied an enviable position.

"On the drilling grounds," answered the reporter, "he is indeed a grand figure, but in private life he is as poor a devil as the rest of us. He belongs to the honorable but miserable class of the educated poor. You ought to see this brave Col. N. trembling before a janitor who comes to collect the rent which has been two or three months due."

On the hint of my comrade I made a little study of the educated poor in this capital. I learned of a judge of the district court who, as a rule, leaves his house by a back-yard door for fear of meeting clerks from the various stores with their bills. I was told that Professor R. of the college of this city, having a big family, never changed his rooms without the police's assistance—in other words, he was usually turned out by landlords for non-payment of rent. I saw a chief of one of the numerous departments of the imperial administration, who lives in a distant suburb and comes to his department by the 6 o'clock freight train (though the office hours begin at 9), for he is unable to pay the fare charged in passenger trains. I heard of several captains and majors who never see their salary, for it is collected by landlords and different stores. I have found out that, as a rule, the professors, doctors, and lawyers of average ability, judges, the civil and military officers of the middle ranks, engineers, priests, journalists, and, in fact, men of all professions to which are admitted only those who have received a higher education, are working hard to make both ends meet.

The common salary for the these men only is about 2,000 roubles a year. Twenty-five years ago that amount of income was considered sufficient, but the conditions of life have greatly changed since then. Still, the imperial government sticks to that 2,000 roubles standard, and the result is that the highly educated and hard-working men, who in all other countries earn a comfortable living, here in the czar's country are miserably poor, always trembling for the fate of their families. I am told that most of the professional men of this country, when they die, are buried by subscriptions among their friends, and that their families become paupers.

The czar controls the amount of salary of his officers; and all the educated men, except merchants, are somehow imperial officers; but his majesty can not control the price of the necessaries of life, and hence the trouble.—St. Petersburg Letter.

What a Chinaman Says of Wagner.

"It is unjust," said a Chinese gentleman to whom the writer had given his opinion of Chinese music. "Our music is good—beautiful. It is yours which is bad. Your music is false—not like nature. Music is color. You take all your pots of paint and let them run together. You make confusion. The wind doesn't make music the way you say it does! A bird doesn't sing that way! A wave tumbles on the shore, and makes one note—and only one. Yours is a music that is only noise. You play so soft that if I want to hear sometimes I must strain my ears. Why should I trouble myself to hear? Must I use an instrument so as to listen? Must I think to hear? Why don't you paint a picture so that I can't see it? If you make it too small I don't want to see it.

"Yet I hear once Wagner. I go, too, into a shop in Scotland where they made a steamship for my government. The men they hammer on the boilers. That was better than Wagner. I heard a blind man the other day. He fiddled at the corner of the street. You laugh? Yes, sir, that gives me pleasure. We are a simple people—and we are not going to change our music—founded on rules which are 4,000 years and more old. Why, when my ancestors sang melodiously, your forefathers were cannibals and howled with the wolves."—New York Times.

Cosmopolitan Character of Bombay.

The cosmopolitan character of Bombay, with its 800,000 inhabitants, is indicated by this paragraph from a missionary's letter: "Last week a Greenlander called seeking work. Two days after a man from Australia wrote me asking a favor. A few weeks ago a West Indian came to attend repairs on my house. Last Sunday night I preached to a congregation in which sat, side by side, a Russian from the Baltic and an Armenian from the foot of Mount Ararat. Among my parishioners is an Abyssinian, Turks from the Dardenelles, Greeks from the Adriatic, Sidhee boys from Zanzibars. Norwegians and South Africans live, do business and die in this human hive."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Famous Aerolite of Naples.

Interesting stories about the explosion of meteorites are usually followed by the explosion of the stories themselves. The famous aerolite which fell in the Strada Fiorentino, Naples, not long ago, has just been examined by Professor Johnston-Lavis, the eminent seismologist, reports that it is nothing but a common cobbler's lapstone made of Vesuvian lava from La Scala quarries, and the wonderful "patina" is merely a coating of wax and dirt accumulated and polished by long use.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

Monster Aquarium To Be Built.

Mr. Sutro, of California, is about to build an aquarium 120 feet in diameter in the bay of San Francisco. It will contain every sort of sea anemone, mosses and shell fish.

In Berlin there is a house which contains 239 compartments, and is inhabited by nearly 1,000 persons.

THE GRAVE OF JEFFERSON.

A Trip to Monticello on a Mustang—The Lofty Granite Shaft.

It is about 100 miles from busy, booming Richmond to the very heart of old Virginia, where the author of the Declaration of Independence lies buried on the high, wooded hill near his lonely and nearly deserted residence, "Monticello."

Arriving at Charlottesville, I found everything full of snow and "slush." The mountain rivers were running red, for the soil of Virginia is strangely red—red as some Titan battle-field.

The dome of the university of Virginia, fashioned after the Pantheon at Rome, rose on a lofty eminence before me. Beyond the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies gleamed in the snow under the bluest of blue skies. It seemed as if the Sierras were here. "Monticello," which is only a residence, not a town, as one is apt to suppose, lies three miles back toward Richmond, and nearly half a mile—it would seem, if you climb to it through the snow, as I did—perpendicular.

"No, sah, you can't walk it; can't cross the rivah; and a keerage couldn't git thar in a coon's age; but if you could ride, sah, if you could ride a colt, sah?"

"Ride a colt! I could ride a cow, if necessary. Saddle up."

The "colt" proved to be a mustang, They have brought this lively and much-maligned little animal all the way from Texas in great numbers. The little mouse-colored animal with a mischievous eye had been shut up in the snow a good many days, I reckon, and so he was led out with a man on either side hanging on to the bits. A crowd gathered. "Stand 'im on his head in the snow, bet a nickel," said some one back in that black and ragged crowd of sovereigns. And then there was a grin and a chuckle all around.

I brushed off the two men who hung on to the bits, and talking a little old-fashioned mustang talk, which he perhaps had not heard since he left Texas, I got a foot into the stirrup, and we both jumped at the same time. On into the river, red as blood, breast deep; over, on, up the hill, and in the drifted snow to his belly! Then I struck a bare and bleeding spot of red earth. But on and up plunged the "colt," the sacred soil of Virginia flashing and dashing and clinging to the tail of my English ulster at every jump!

In less than a mile, however, the gallant little mustang and myself were in love with each other. I got off often to help him wallow through the deepest places, and he not once tried to get away or betray my trust. Three miles of hard climbing, then turning to the left through an open gate I plunged into the thickest wood and—I jerked off my hat.

Was ever such absolute quiet outside of death or a desert? The world was far below. The Pantheon dome of the university which the great dead before me had founded and for fifty years well fostered was under my feet. It looked like one of the many great domes of Damascus. The rising summits of the mountains above and beyond looked down in kindly companionship.

The grave of the great Democrat is in perfect order. Indeed, it is almost painfully perfect. I know the world would find fault if this grave was neglected, but at the same time I may say it pained me to see the splendid iron fence, ten feet high if a foot, all tipped with gold, and a big forbidding lock on the prison-like gate. And then the great lofty granite shaft seemed so tall, and so heavy, and so cold, and eternal. But let us be content. The people, his people, would have it so. Heavy or light, tomb or no tomb, nothing can break his rest or mar his immortality now.

A dozen or more marble slabs of various sizes are dotted about the great shaft in the center of the square iron fence; trees lean and look over into the little opening; on all sides trees—oak and fir and pine and cedar. You can not see the resting place of Thomas Jefferson till you come immediately upon it on your way to the residence which he built on this mountain, "Monticello," half a mile further on. The snow was heaped in drifts about the inclosure. The snow lay in drifts up to my horse's belly as I sat on his back so as to see through the iron fence and read the inscription, familiar to all the world. The snow had not been broken this winter. So far as I could see no foot had passed this way for a long, long time.

No, bird, no squirrel, not even a little snow-mouse, had made sign or mark in the abundant snow. Nor was there any sound of bird or beast or man. The cars were coming in three miles away and a quarter of a mile below, clanging their bells as they trundled through the long, straggling town of Charlottesville. Far away to the north, against the Blue Ridge, streamed a white tower of smoke as the cars came in from the Pacific ocean. Away toward Richmond the cars came screaming with energy and excitement; for they were setting out on a mission of 3,000 miles. The snow of the Alleghanies, the dust of Arizona, the orange blossoms of Los Angeles—all these together lay immediately before me.—Joaquin Miller's Letter.

The "Rings" of Growth in Trees.

After a careful study of the subject Prof. P. D. Penhallow concludes that the formation of the so-called "annual rings" of growth in trees is chiefly determined by whatever operates to produce alternating periods of physiological rest and activity. In cold climates the rings are an approximately correct, but not always certain, index of age. In warm climates, however, the rings are of no value in this respect, as the growth is more likely to mark a perion of rainfall than the yearly hot season of summer.—Boston Budget.

A Petrified Daughter of Earth.

Professor, Young of Princeton, says the moon is a petrified daughter of the earth, destitute of life, air, and water. The temperature he estimates in the dark spots at 200 degrees below zero, and at other places at "boiling water point." If the moon was annihilated the temperature of this section would be reduced one degree.—Exchange.

THE CULTURE OF OPIUM.

The Industry in Malwa and Bengal—Gathering the Poppy's Juice.

It is probable that very few owners of flower-gardens are aware that the popples cultivated merely for ornament will produce opium. When the flower petals have fallen, leaving the seed capsule bare, if an incision be made in that body, a sticky juice will exude. This juice is opium. It varies in certain chemical qualities, according to the country in which it is cultivated, and the variety of plant from which it is produced.

Although the plant will grow in almost any climate, it is in India that it is most satisfactorily cultivated, the opium revenue of that country being derived from two sources, those of Malwa and those of Bengal. The Malwa opium is produced in the native states of the interior, and is not controlled by the British government, except by a tax. Bengal opium, on the contrary, is under the direct superintendence of English officials.

When the land has been plowed and harrowed, the poppy seed is sown at the end of October, or the beginning of November. Six pounds of seed are sufficient for the third of an acre.

As soon as it begins to germinate, as it does in a week after sowing, the land is divided by furrows into rectangular beds, about eight feet in length by four in breadth. These channels are used for irrigation, as the plants need frequent watering, sometimes requiring it until the crop is matured. About seventy-five days after germination, the flower appears, and its four petals are gently removed, on the third day after their expansion, to be pasted together with the leaves destined to form the outer shell of the opium cake.

In the course of eight or ten days, the capsules are lanced at night, and the juice which has exuded from the incisions is scraped off in the morning, with a small scoop, and transferred to a metal or earthen vessel. This process is three or four times repeated, at intervals of two or three days, and the result is crude opium. The flower petals and the plant-leaves and stalks have also a considerable value for packing purposes, and the thicker portions of the stalks are used by the peasants for fire-wood. The crude opium, having been gathered, is stored by the cultivator, and watched, that it may remain free from mould or taint.

At the end of March, or the beginning of April, when the weather is furiously hot in Bengal, the cultivators, carrying their opium, obey a summons calling them to meet the deputy agent of their village. There the opium is tested, paid for, and taken into the possession of the government.

Finally the opium paste is made into cakes, dried, packed in boxes, and removed to Calcutta, for sale by auction.—Youth's Companion.

Regulate the Diet of the Aged.

As we increase in age, when we have spent, say, our first half-century, less energy and activity remain, and less expenditure can be made; less power to eliminate is possible at 50 than at 30, still less at 60 and upward. Less nutriment, therefore, says Sir Henry Thompson, must be taken in proportion as age advances, or rather, as activity diminishes, or the individual will suffer. If he continues to consume the same abundant breakfasts, substantial lunches, and heavy dinners which at the summit of his power he could dispose of almost with impunity he will in time certainly accumulate fat, or become acquainted with gout or rheumatism, or show signs of unhealthy deposit of some kind in some part of the body, processes which must inevitably poison, undermine, or shorten his remaining term of life. He must reduce his "in-take," because a smaller expenditure is an enforced condition of existence.—Herald of Health.

The Effects of Sudden Abstinence.

It is not safe for a man who has been in the habit for six, eight or ten years to take eight or ten drinks a day to suddenly abandon the habit. Any man who does will, as a rule, die within six months. I have found that to be my own experience with patients, and I have questioned other physicians, and they have all found the same result. You see a man who drinks daily accustoms his system to a certain amount of stimulation, and when that stimulation is withdrawn at once the weakest part of the system gives way. It may be the liver that is weak, or the kidneys, or some other organ—whatever one it is, it gives way and breaks down for want of the accustomed stimulation, and it is rarely a patient in such a case survives six months—Dr. William F. Kier in Globe-Democrat.

Relative Size of South America.

South America is more than double the size of the United States. The empire of Brazil seems on the map quite as large as Australia, It is twenty-four times the size of England. The Argentine Republic is nearly as large as Europe, taking Russia out. Bolivia and Venezuela are each twice the size of England and Scotland, Ecuador something less, Paraguay equal to Great Britain, Uruguay and Chili about the same, and the little-known regions of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego at least double the dimensions of Great Britain; British, French and Dutch Guiana are nearly as large as Great Britain.—Philadelphia Call.

A Novel Method of Ornamentation.

A simple method of ornamenting wood or sized paper is to brush over it a thin coating of a very concentrated cold solution of some salt mixed with dextrine, which gives to the surface a beautiful mother-of-pearl appearance. To cause the adhesion of the mixture to glass, an extra coating of an alcoholic shellac solution is necessary. Sulphate of magnesia, acetate of soda and sulphate of tin are among salts which produce the most attractive crystalline coatings.—Frank Leslie's.

Opening of the Eleventh Parliament.

The opening by Queen Victoria of the eleventh parliament of her reign is a circumstance a parallel to which cannot be found since the time of Henry VI.